

# The Seabrooker

Published  
Every So Often  
By the Folks



At  
Seabrook Farms  
Bridgeton, N. J.

VOL. I

NOVEMBER, 1920

No. 8



## A Big Time on the Big Farm

We told you in our last issue that the Social Committee was planning something big for Hallowe'en.

The combination Minstrel Show and Dance, which it did put on, eclipsed all social events ever held at the Farm before.

As may be seen from the flash-light group shown above, it was a right goodly company that turned out, in gala attire, to celebrate the occasion.

Estimates differ as to how many were present. Chas. Uhland, who tended door,



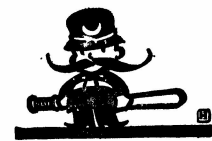
swore he pinned on at least 370 Hallowe'en cats. Admiral Wilson, who handed out doughnuts, says that enough of them went over the counter to feed at least 450; and Jovial Joe Snyder, who sported a whole "chest" full of war medals, and passed out the cider, says he counted 700.

But figuring that Joe saw double, and that Wilson exaggerated about his usual amount, and Uhland counted a few twice, there must have been around three hundred, off and on. We asked Scull how many hands were present, and he said he had counted four **legs**, and thought there were a few besides that, but hadn't paid much attention to the rest.

There were too many fine costumes to begin to mention them all, but Benny Lefkowitz, as the cop, made many hits; Bob Schreiber was a regular devil; Al Lennox, as the Cannibal King, in one of the cleverest rigs we've ever seen, carried off second prize for the men. There were only three reasons why he didn't get first. You'll find two of them on the last page of this issue. Counsel McAllister, as the Beau Brummell of Greenwich Village, had them all guessing. The Auditor made a very spruce Army Officer; nobody could tell who he was except some two dozen of the ladies—some by his eyes, some by his moustache, some by his voice—so they said.

Miss Fannie Levine carried off the first ladies' costume prize; and Miss Theresa Elsner the second. The minstrel show, put on by the Ferracute Minstrel Troupe, under the guidance of James Lounsbury, was a crackerjack. Their coming out to the Farms on a night when they were in demand for many other places, was greatly appreciated by the Seabrookers.

Howard Huber, Chairman of the Social Committee, and all the other members, received the hearty thanks of all present for the splendid time enjoyed.



As the skating-rink twins, clad in tassels, ribbons, and bear-skin, left the hall, we heard some one chant this touching little ditty:

Her name was Irene,  
And she wore crepe de chine.  
You could see more Irene  
Than you could crepe de chine!

# THE SEABROOKER



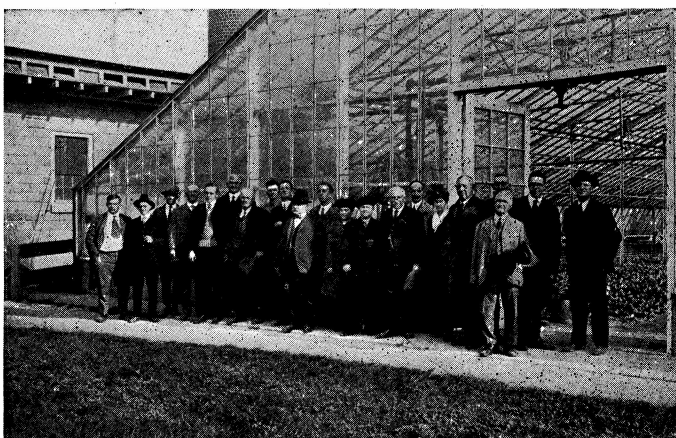
Katharine John and Josephine Mitchell, each with a head of Selected Big Boston. It's hard work to get 24 of 'em into a crate

## "Seabrook Selected Big Boston"

Pictured above is a close-up of the lettuce that has made Seabrook Farms famous—"Seabrook Selected Big Boston."

As both the young ladies in the photo are good husky specimens, you can judge the size of the individual heads of lettuce. Only perfect, extra choice heads are packed under the "Selected" brand.

During the season, several carloads a day are shipped out. We have shipped as high as 14 cars of lettuce and romaine in one day. Set head to head, they would make a line forty-five miles long. The demand keeps ahead of the supply right through the season. New York and Philadelphia take the bulk of the crop, but it goes pretty much all over the Eastern United States and to Canada.



Some of Connecticut's leading vegetables growers, after their trip over the farms—and the Old Man, at the right.

## Another Big Time Coming!

As big a success as the Hallowe'en party was, the Little Bird has heard rumors that there's going to be an even bigger time on Christmas eve. The Social committee, of course, is engineering the affair. We hear that **everybody**, including all the kids, will be requested to be present; that the Seabrook Close Harmony Glee Club is already practicing up for the occasion; that there will be some good music from outside; and that Santa may even be so modern as to enlist the aid of the movies in his attempt to make it an enjoyable affair for every man, woman and child from one end of the Farms to the other end of the Orchards.

So make your plans now to be present, with every member of your household, big and little.

\* \* \*

## At One Of the Boarding House Games

Benny—"How did you know that last card I dealt Murrey was a spade?"

Kelly—"Sure, I saw ye spilt on yer hands before ye picked it up."

\* \* \*

## Connecticut Vegetables Growers Spend Field Day At Seabrook Farms

It's a long, long way from the heart of the Nutmeg State to Bridgeton.

But the members of the Connecticut Vegetable Growers' Association had heard so much about Seabrook Farms, that when it came to selecting a place to visit on their autumn "field day" this year, they decided to disregard the high cost of gas, and motor down to South Jersey.

The party, headed by such old veterans as H. B. Williams, A. N. Farnham, and Chas. Risley, struck the Farms in the morning and spent a couple of hours motoring through the orchards and vegetable farms, and in the afternoon went through the "plant"—greenhouses, cold storage, saw mill, etc.

All were agreed that nowhere in the country was there anything in the way of vegetable growing that approached our enterprise here, and that the Farms themselves far outstripped anything they had heard or read about them.

The whole party stayed in town overnight and came back next morning "to see the big man behind the big gun" as Mr. Farnham put it.

## IMPORTANT

October

- 1—First Romaine cut today.
- 2—First Lettuce cut today.
- 3—Sunday—Raymond Allen on duty.
- 4—Mark Stites in a dilemma. "I have more pigs than I know what to do with."



"I am going to vote for Hillie"

- 5—First Spinach cut today.
- 6—The ladies had a political meeting in the Auditorium.

- 7—Raymond Allen took a day off.
- 8—Hillie Davis didn't have much to say. But Doctor says he may recover.

- 9—Tustin again went to Philadelphia for the week end.
- 10—Sunday—P. S. Duffield on duty.

- 11—The "old man" called a special meeting at 8 P. M. Irons helps iron out the League of Nations.
- 12—Orchestra meeting in Auditorium.

- 13—Celebration at the Orchards—Don't ask the reason why.
- 14—Miss Lawless spent the day in Philadelphia.

- 15—First pumpkins harvested today at the Orchards.
- 16—All women gangs were given a day's vacation.

- 17—Sunday—Chris Uhland SUPPOSED to be on duty.
- 18—First celery cabbage cut today.

- 19—The "old man" called a special meeting at 8 P. M. Irons helps iron out the League of Nations.
- 20—Orchestra meeting in Auditorium.

- 21—Celebration at the Orchards—Don't ask the reason why.
- 22—Miss Lawless spent the day in Philadelphia.

- 23—First pumpkins harvested today at the Orchards.
- 24—All women gangs were given a day's vacation.

- 25—Sunday—Chris Uhland SUPPOSED to be on duty.
- 26—First celery cabbage cut today.

- 27—The "old man" called a special meeting at 8 P. M. Irons helps iron out the League of Nations.
- 28—Orchestra meeting in Auditorium.

- 29—Celebration at the Orchards—Don't ask the reason why.
- 30—Miss Lawless spent the day in Philadelphia.

- 31—First pumpkins harvested today at the Orchards.
- 32—All women gangs were given a day's vacation.

- 33—Sunday—Chris Uhland SUPPOSED to be on duty.
- 34—First celery cabbage cut today.

- 35—The "old man" called a special meeting at 8 P. M. Irons helps iron out the League of Nations.
- 36—Orchestra meeting in Auditorium.

- 37—Celebration at the Orchards—Don't ask the reason why.
- 38—Miss Lawless spent the day in Philadelphia.

- 39—First pumpkins harvested today at the Orchards.
- 40—All women gangs were given a day's vacation.

- 41—Sunday—Chris Uhland SUPPOSED to be on duty.
- 42—First celery cabbage cut today.

- 43—The "old man" called a special meeting at 8 P. M. Irons helps iron out the League of Nations.
- 44—Orchestra meeting in Auditorium.

- 45—Celebration at the Orchards—Don't ask the reason why.
- 46—Miss Lawless spent the day in Philadelphia.

- 47—First pumpkins harvested today at the Orchards.
- 48—All women gangs were given a day's vacation.

- 49—Sunday—Chris Uhland SUPPOSED to be on duty.
- 50—First celery cabbage cut today.

- 51—The "old man" called a special meeting at 8 P. M. Irons helps iron out the League of Nations.
- 52—Orchestra meeting in Auditorium.

- 53—Celebration at the Orchards—Don't ask the reason why.
- 54—Miss Lawless spent the day in Philadelphia.

- 55—First pumpkins harvested today at the Orchards.
- 56—All women gangs were given a day's vacation.

- 57—Sunday—Chris Uhland SUPPOSED to be on duty.
- 58—First celery cabbage cut today.

- 59—The "old man" called a special meeting at 8 P. M. Irons helps iron out the League of Nations.
- 60—Orchestra meeting in Auditorium.

- 61—Celebration at the Orchards—Don't ask the reason why.
- 62—Miss Lawless spent the day in Philadelphia.

- 63—First pumpkins harvested today at the Orchards.
- 64—All women gangs were given a day's vacation.

- 65—Sunday—Chris Uhland SUPPOSED to be on duty.
- 66—First celery cabbage cut today.

- 67—The "old man" called a special meeting at 8 P. M. Irons helps iron out the League of Nations.
- 68—Orchestra meeting in Auditorium.

- 69—Celebration at the Orchards—Don't ask the reason why.
- 70—Miss Lawless spent the day in Philadelphia.

- 71—First pumpkins harvested today at the Orchards.
- 72—All women gangs were given a day's vacation.

- 73—Sunday—Chris Uhland SUPPOSED to be on duty.
- 74—First celery cabbage cut today.

- 75—The "old man" called a special meeting at 8 P. M. Irons helps iron out the League of Nations.
- 76—Orchestra meeting in Auditorium.

## THE BUSINESS

In every business, there are two classes of men who never "work up."

One class is made up of those who never do as they are told.

The other, of those who never do anything unless they are told.

And yet most of those in each class, wonder why they never "get ahead."

They fail to get ahead, because they don't use their heads.

Man,—the highest form of life—has been given a brain, which enables him to reason. To see the difference between right and wrong, and act accordingly. The trouble with the majority of men is that they fail to use their brains.

The most difficult problem employers have is finding men—men who think, and act—men who are not mere automatons, but who are alert, enterprising, reliable.

In many industrial establishments there is a never ending procession of men who come in and go out, simply because they cannot, or will not, do as they are told, or perform simple tasks as they should be done.

Look at the throngs in the street, in any city.

The rule of the road is "keep to the right". Everybody knows the rule.

# THE SEABROOKER

## EVENTS

October

- 19—The field office was given a good cleaning.
- 20—First second croppers picked up on the Candle Farm.
- 21—P. S. Duffield swept the field office—and only a day after it's been cleaned.
- 22—Political meeting was held at 8 P. M.
- 23—Mrs. Newcomb was given 2 days vacation.
- 24—Sunday—Les Hewes went cat hunting.
- 25—Grover Harris, known better as runt, started to dig our potatoes.
- 26—Geo. Clark, recognizing himself in Seabrooker, buys shot gun.
- 27—Republican Rally in the Auditorium gotten up by our politician, Hillie Davis.
- 28—A meeting of the women was held in the Auditorium at 3 P. M., at which meeting Mrs. App. of New Brunswick, was present, and spoke on meat substitutes.
- 29—A Hallowe'en masquerade party and minstrel show was held in the new garage and a jolly good time was had by all.
- 30—Day after night before — 2¾% headaches reported.
- 31—Sunday—Walt Atkinson on duty.



What Les Hewes has been seeing



Who put a stick in it?

## S—AND YOU

But what do you find?

Utter disregard of the rule—of common sense.

A few keeping to the right because it is right. But most drifting haphazard to right or left, bumping some one here, treading on some one there, some times mumbling apologies, but more often blaming others for their own blunders. And never realizing that by merely using their brains in such a simple thing as walking down the street, there would be more speed, and greater comfort, for all.

Will they ever learn? No, not until they want to learn.

And what you see in the street, you see in business.

The majority, heedless, aimless, drifting, bumping, impeding. But always willing to put the blame on others.

The rules of business are the rules of the road.

Keep to the right!

In the march of industry, the call is ever for more and more to lead, to direct, to officer the companies of men.

Keep your head up; your eyes clear, your brain working, and you will be of material of which the captains are made!

C. F. SEABROOK.

## Still Another Farm Poet, By Heck!

There surely must be something in the air around the Farms here that goes to the heads of the poets. Most every issue a new one crops up. The following will introduce a new member of the "Seabrooker's" all-star aggregation, headed by Dave L. and S. Stica.

### SETTING 'EM UP ON SEABROOK FARMS

I am a wire-nail artist,  
A plane pusher, too;  
I work in Johnson's gang,  
Steady and true.

One day last March, I remember it well,  
I started to work, with Harry Bell,  
On Pollock Row at the Big Oak farm.  
There were six new houses under way,  
And three gangs at work that day.

Jumping Johnson and Busy Bell, and then  
Another bunch, Hank Hankins' men.

When those houses were finished and done,  
At the Seabrook Farm, some more were begun.

Then we stopped at the Crossing, and there  
in a row,

We built forty houses—type S, you know.  
The first partner I had on the job,  
Was a fellow from Elmer, we called him Bob.

There was Dawson and Rocky,  
Ducky and Ike,

And good old Stackhouse, we all learned to like,

And now two new ones have joined our crew,  
Riley and Sammy—how Sammy can chew!

We have worked in Seeley; at the State Road, too,  
And now at Carl's Corner, we're not yet through.

Johnson has told us "Kindly remember,  
We've built sixty houses, and it's not yet November!"

—Boyd Woodruff.

\* \* \*

## Another of Those Seabrook Orchard Ads

Wanted—"Married man to milk and drive a flivver."

Isn't Henry Ford a wonder!

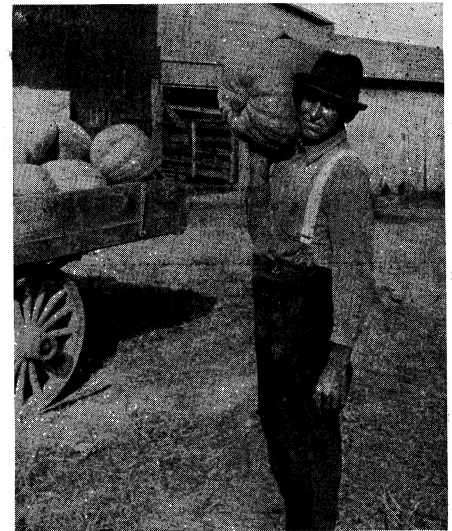
\* \* \*

## More Storage Room For Seabrook Farms Products

The boys out in the fields are still keeping the carpenters and masons pushed to provide housing room for the stuff they grow.

Down below is the new root cellar and warehouse, at the Big Oak, with a new railroad spur running in alongside it. The cellar was filled with potatoes before the roof was on.

At the present time there are over 20,000 bushels of potatoes in storage here and elsewhere on the farms.



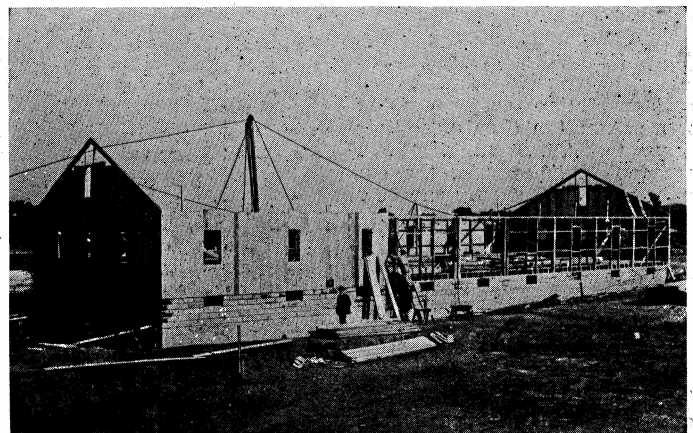
Looks like he was practicing up for the All-American shot put team, but Wash. is only loading pumpkin-ple stock

## Wash. Loveland—the Big Oak Strong Man

When we took this picture, Wash, was kind of tired out, so he couldn't hold up one of the real big ones.

We cut his feet off because his shoes were all frazzled and frayed from climbing around among those nubbly warted Hubbard Squash they had on some of the Big Oak fields.

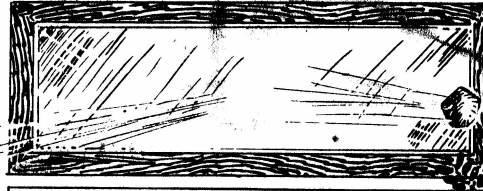
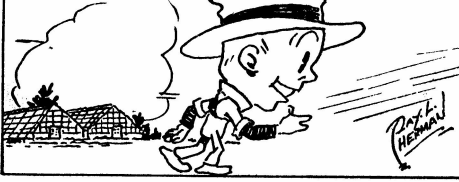
Our expert accountant and statistician has estimated that the number of pumpkin pies that will be made from this year's crop, if placed edge to edge, would reach from the Louisville and Nashville R. R. station, Mobile, Alabama, to the north bank of the Saskatchewan, Canada, and that they would last nearly six days in Lillian Shea's boarding house.



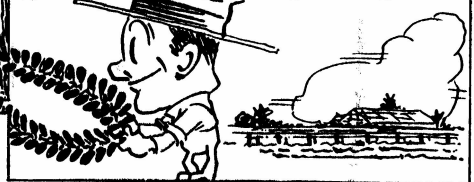
A little construction job that Boyd Woodruff forgot to mention. The black speck in the foreground is the Auditor, composing a sonnet to the eye of a Seabrook spud.

# THE SEABROOKER

## The FARM



## MIRROR



### To Lillian

"Big Oaks" may from small acorns grow,  
And Classy Inns from thence proceed;  
Yet our Boarding House, if classed as slow,  
Shall never call for sympathy's need.

While Lillian sways despotic power  
O'er subjects anxious to obey,  
No rival claims can overthrow  
Our House, as ruled by Lillian Shea.

Ah! Airy Lillian, stately, gracious, firm,  
Which changing angle constitutes thy great-  
er charm?

Big hearted, witty Erin, blends with Scotia  
stern  
Perfect to make the woman, Queen of Sea-  
brook Farm.

Daily doth appetite applaud the fare,  
Wholesome, provided thrice, with generous  
hand,

Our ardent praise rewards the kindly care  
And perfect cleanliness your art and skill  
demand.

The appetizing bean, or savory stew,  
Appealingly with favored dainty vies;  
But joy unbounded greets the view  
When we assail Queen Lillian's pies.

Men praise their poets, join the craze  
Accorded to the genius shown in books;  
But Angels swell the paeans of human praise  
Poured forth on heaven-inspired cooks.  
—Swas Tica.

\* \* \*

### The Prize-Winning Baby

While the Hallowe'en blowout we all  
enjoyed so much was not exactly a baby  
show, the baby shown at the right took  
the first prize.

Ben Emerson as the baby,  
John Shaw, as ma, and Joe  
Lang, as the old man,—proud  
and careful parents—attracted  
more attention than any other  
feature of the evening. When  
we took this picture, the old  
man was out milking the cow  
to get baby another bottle.

\* \* \*

### Our Poet Is Sad

Our "highest paid poet" de-  
clares that he is discouraged  
and disgusted. He says that  
our talking of poetry as mer-  
chandise, shows the lowest or-  
der of business ethics.



### "Nothing to Say"

"Well, this is election morn,"  
Hillie was told by Gray.  
"Who will our president be?  
—and what have you to say?"

"Of politics, I have nothing to say.  
"Except that Harding is A MAN.  
"And if anyone can bring us peace,  
"He is the one who can."

And so Hillie began to speak;  
And spoke and spoke and spoke.  
And poor Gray began to think  
It was getting worse than a joke.

The clock it struck eleven, then twelve,  
And then afternoon got we'll on it's way.  
And Hillie was still holding the floor,  
Telling Gray he had nothing to say.

People were getting ready to quit,  
And many had already gone;  
And Hillie was still talking to Gray,  
And seemed as if he would forever go on

At last the skipper was overcome,  
And fast asleep he lay.  
Still Hillie kept on telling him  
That he had nothing to say. —Dave.



### Cider Time

When it's cider time at Seabrooks  
You can see Mark Stites is busy;  
For he says to get the apples,  
And to press them is not easy.

But cheerfully does he keep at it,  
And to the future he looks forward;  
And when the coin it starts a-coming,  
Joyfully says he, "Press onward!"

To his aid comes Mr. Murray,  
And he helps him all he can;  
And from every twenty gallon  
Mr. Murray he gets ten.

When two great heads are put together  
Then there's an assurance of success;  
But where they can put it all,  
You can get neither to confess.

Slowly and steadily Mark progresses,  
And some day his sign you'll see.  
"Mark Stites, the great Cider King."  
For full of cider is he.

—Dave.

\* \* \*

### "Please Pass the Oleo"

(Things we hear from time to time at the  
Boarding House.

Geo. Clark—"What is density?"

Joe. Lang—"I can't define it, but I can  
give an illustration."

Geo. Clark—The illustration is d——  
good! Please pass the oleo.

\* \* \*

### Fair Play For "The Duke"

Editor Seabrooker:

Sir:—

I wish to protest emphatical-  
ly at the unconscionable treat-  
ment accorded "Our Friend  
Duke" in your last issue. It  
should be beneath your editor-  
ial dignity to thus belittle one  
who has labored so faithfully  
to bring a little joy into our  
lives—and one of the few real-  
ly ornamental features of the  
place. You may forthwith cancel  
my subscription to your  
frivolous sheet.

FAIR PLAY.

